

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 150.

## IGNORANCE, EVOLUTION, AND REVOLUTION.

I cannot take quite the same view of the movement in favor of ignorance as Comrade Morton. Since Aristotle's time it has been rather commonplace that the only way in which knowledge can be increased is by induction. Since Bacon's it has been familiar, first, that immense increase in knowledge may be expected from this process; secondly, that the condition is careful, thorough, systematic, recorded induction; inasmuch as all error, no less than all truth, rests upon inductions. We might put it thus—induction consists in observations and experiments, which are the only sources of knowledge; but hasty observations and careless experiments often mislead, for which the remedy is—more experiments; hence, since Bacon taught us to expect great results from induction, the verifying experimental part of the process has gained on mere observation, which satisfied those who looked for no progress. Opposing this great movement in favor of knowledge, which is mainly new, there has grown up a movement in favor of ignorance, which is also new. Its promoters, of course, are those who do not aim, like the inductive philosophers, at increasing man's dominion over nature; but at maintaining their own dominion over man. To effect the former—to prolong life, to extinguish diseases, to cover continents with railroads, to net the ocean with telegraphs, to electrify without wires, to soar into the air, to carry light into the caverns where explosive gases lurk, to illuminate the night with the splendor of day, to perpetuate the features and voices of the living for the instruction of those who shall come after they are dead—requires careful experimental induction. But to make people think they receive a benefit when they actually receive none, requires only dogmatism, rhetoric, and a little careless observation, to furnish topics for the same. Those who follow such methods are the promoters of ignorance; and may all generally be classed under the one name quacks. Most mischievous among them are the theological quacks, because they most keenly feel how fatal to their interest is every increase of knowledge. And, perhaps, as Comrade Morton says, the political quacks come next in order. But to perceive that all quacks have a common interest—to unite every quack and dupe of quacks in common cause against experimental science—this is the movement in favor of ignorance; and this great idea, which could have originated nowhere but in priestcraft, is of recent origin. The theologians of the Middle Ages were not on good terms with other charlatans. They burned them for witches or heretics. As S. D. remarked in his criticism of Kropotkin's "Black Invasion," they don't do that now. They have found out that they can use them—one against vivisection, another against sexual physiology, a

third against materialism, a fourth against study of psychical phenomena—all against the experimental science.

I can by no means agree with Comrade Van Ornum's view of the methods by which capitalism is to be overthrown—so far as he has yet stated them. When we know what the "business improvements" are, by adopting which people may "emancipate themselves from interest charges, abolish every debt, and destroy all the great fortunes," perhaps I shall think differently. If they consist, however, in forming Icarian communities, issuing labor notes, getting up cooperative insurance companies, and so forth, I fear they will not attain the dignity of being "crushed like an eggshell." They will merely peter out, as they always have done. On the other hand, when the people get ready to rebel, it strikes me that the modern appliances of war will be found to have immensely increased their power of resistance relatively to their masters' power of oppression. One lucifer match, judiciously applied, will do the bosses more harm than all their galling guns together could do the proletaires. It is not material power we need. We have got it. What we need is evolution of oppression to a point at which the public sentiment of the proletaires will justify their making a revolutionary use of their power. That, no doubt, is coming.

C. L. JAMES.

## THE "DISSENTIENTS."

Our Comrade Morton thinks that I "will find many dissentients from the views expressed in his (my) opening paragraph," in a recent letter. That is not unlikely; and yet all that I stated, or hinted, if people regard it as a hint, is true and more than true. There is scarcely an Anarchist group in this country which has not had experience with the noisy shouters for revolution, with a zeal, which, to say the least, is "not according to knowledge." It usually turns out that those who are loudest in their advocacy of the revolution are the first to run to cover in the face of real danger. The exceptions to this rule are so rare that their absence at such times is always expected and calculated on by those who really lead revolutionary movements.

Another thing, it frequently happens that those who make loud professions do it to cover their real characters as spies, in the pay of the authorities. In this, they have two motives: one, by their loud protestations, to impress others with their earnestness and zeal in the cause, in the hope of winning their confidence, and so finding out their plans, if they have any, in order to report them to their masters; and the other, to egg them on to overt acts, which would bring them within the reach of the law. Most of the groups have had experience with this kind of cattle. Sometimes they have found them out; and sometimes they have not. Such

are always intolerant, and ready to denounce everybody else, who is unwilling to follow their lead, or who ventures to suggest the possibility of a better way. As long as Anarchists talk revolution, or retain it as an avowed method for righting their wrongs, they are going to have just such people among them, in the pay of their rulers. In a few cases, they will find them out, and drive them from their midst; but in most of them, they will not. The authorities, however, will know every move made, and will almost always be prepared to counteract them. There being no way whereby we can distinguish between unwise comrades and vicious enemies in the form of spies, it seems to me that it is the part of wisdom for Anarchists to drop, once for all, every thought or purpose of revolution, now or at any other time, especially as there are methods a hundred times more powerful, which are within our reach, and against which the powers that be have no means of withstanding.

Nor is it only because we have no means of distinguishing between friend and foe, that I take this position. There are reasons far more cogent, which I will bring out in subsequent articles, if such are wanted. My purpose in the first article was to open the way for such a discussion as, I hoped, would lift Anarchism out of the mire in which it seems to be floundering, to a position which will command the support and adherence of the best thinkers of the age. As a matter of fact, Anarchy is making giant strides everywhere, as never before; but not under that name. Perhaps it matters little what we do or say. The evolution of the world is carrying us forward rapidly to a destiny which, may be, is little influenced by any conscious purpose of ours. That destiny is as certain to bring Anarchy, in its best and fullest ideals, as that the day follows the night. It can come by methods that are purely peaceful and evolutionary, if we will it, and stop our talk of revolution and bloodshed. And why should the great emancipation be stained with the blood of our brothers, for all men are our brothers?

Are the readers of DISCONTENT prepared to enter seriously and earnestly into such study of this whole matter, free from prejudice and passion, as will develop the truth, no matter how it may affect our previous notions of it?

W. H. VAN ORNUM.

## FOURTH OF JULY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Dispatches from Manila tell us that the Fourth of July is to be celebrated in the Philippines with greater display than last year; while Washington dispatches announce that this natal day of the American republic is to be made the occasion of the establishment of American civil government in the islands under officials appointed by Mr. McKinley, whose power is absolute.

What may be the burden of the ora-

tions on this auspicious occasion, is a riddle that eludes apprehension. One might suppose that a Fourth of July speech in the Philippines would challenge the skill of the most consummate orator, who did not happen to be a grim practical joker.

But if that may be said of the orator, what shall we say of the reader of the Declaration of Independence? Who could possibly attempt to read that great liberty document in public at Manila, in celebration of the Fourth of July, without succumbing to overwhelming shame? To be sure, General Funston might. He has qualified himself, by making a boast and stepping-stone of his success in forging a letter of introduction to an enemy's chief, and outraging an enemy's hospitality. But who with a less shameful record could bear up under this ordeal?

Before these words reach the reader, the Manila burlesque will be over. The speeches will have been delivered; and the Declaration of Independence, sorely ironical as it must sound, will have been read. It is too late, therefore, to offer a suggestion for this year's celebration. For future celebrations, however, we recommend that a new form of the Declaration of Independence, adapted to the actual circumstances at Manila, be prepared and substituted for the inspiring and accusatory document of 1776. Though our country does imitate the crown policy of England, it should at least do so without hypocrisy.

Think of the reading of the American Declaration of Independence, without modification, at a public demonstration in Manila. What mockery could possibly equal that mockery?

The Declaration declares in its outline of general principles, that it is self-evident that "all men are created equal;" but this principle is interpreted by our government in the Philippines to mean all men except Filipinos. The Declaration asserts that all men are endowed with unalienable rights to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" but our government interprets this to the Filipinos to mean that Filipinos are entitled to such rights only as Spain or Spain's assignee may accord them at its own good pleasure upon its own arbitrary terms, and in the exercise of its own imperial power. According to the Declaration of Independence, governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; but we have taught the Filipino people, by means of impressive lessons in military dynamics, that Filipino government derives its just powers from the consent of a foreigner of the name of William McKinley. With reference to these so-called "glittering generalities," the policy of the United States authorities in the Philippines is totally at variance with the terms of the Declaration of Independence.—The Public.

No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature.—Emerson.



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## OFF AND ON.

Comrade James presents an excellent argument in support of the claim that the Movement in Favor of Ignorance is of recent origin. The facts cited by him seem to me, however, to demonstrate that the "movement" differs in degree, rather than in kind, from all previous efforts to check the progress of enlightenment. There is not now, any more than at any time in the past, any man or any group of men worshipping ignorance for its own sake. Up to a certain point, the priests and rulers of the earth cultivate knowledge, and make use of it. Beyond that point, they are zealous in the promotion of ignorance, as a means to their end of securing power by taking advantage of the credulity of their dupes. The fuller comprehension of the process of induction—a process imperfectly realized, but never totally neglected, even in the crudest period of human thought,—has not created the pursuit of knowledge. It has simply furnished an improved method of acquiring knowledge. Similarly, the old movement in favor of ignorance, everywhere and always the chief auxiliary of the movement in favor of power, has, Proteus-like, changed shape completely, to accomplish its ends. That various imperfectly equipped experimenters jump at hasty conclusions, and seek to make their half truths pass current for whole truths, simply demonstrates their intellectual limitations. It does not necessarily make them part and parcel of an organized and conscious movement in favor of ignorance. That even recognized scientists are in no wise exempt from a similar failing, the example of Tesla (to cite no others) well shows. I presume Comrade James will hardly claim that every man who makes a mistake belongs to the movement in favor of ignorance! I do not see that the church is on better terms than before with any of its rivals. It simply has less power to damage them than in the past. Not all who broach untenable theories are dupes or allies of priestcraft. Not every man is a quack who does a little experimenting on his own hook. What is needful to remember is that authority is our deadly enemy, and that ignorance is its handmaid.

Aunt Elmina is nothing, if not optimistic. I wonder if she ever read Man and Woman, by Havelock Ellis. It completely knocks out the notion of the superiority of woman—or of man either. By the most rigid scientific tests, it demonstrates the substantial organic equality of the sexes. I doubt her statement that, under the conditions of today, there are more happy unions than unhappy ones. Millions of the most wretched unions present a deceitful appearance of happiness, just because the skeleton in the closet is care-

fully concealed from outsiders, in order that appearances may be kept up. There may be "love in bonds;" but it is a mighty poor place for love. We do not dwell on the ugly things of life on account of the pleasure it gives us to contemplate them; but because we realize so fully that they are but the extreme manifestations of certain conditions, which are far from satisfactory, and which must be set right, in order that the human race may attain to a higher degree of development, and may enjoy a greater quantity of happiness.

C. C. Moore, in complaining of the treatment he received at one of the conventions of the Secular Union, uses the following language: "I was not shown any more consideration than we showed a darkey at our Lexington meeting." I have tried to think well of Charlie Moore, in spite of his ignorant and idiotic misrepresentations of Anarchism, his infamous and cowardly attempt to traduce the memory of Samuel P. Putnam, (which I branded as it deserved, to Moore's face, in a public address before the New York convention of the Secular Union, without arousing so much as a peep from him, or from any of the other slanderers of the dead hero,) and his many ridiculous idiosyncracies; but this vulgar flaunting of race prejudice completely knocks out his pretensions to a place in the Liberal ranks. No person who measures his treatment of another by the color of his skin, rather than by his intrinsic merit, has any business to be posing as a Liberal, however he may blow and bluster. I have known men of negro blood, who were made of finer material, and in every way entitled to more "consideration" than Moore or most other white men. A professed Liberal convention has no right to draw the color line. A man should be free to select his own private associates; but no public movement of real value to the human race can afford to admit sex, caste or color distinctions.

It is to the credit of the State University that it furnished 229 men for the Spanish-American war.—Seward (Neb.) Independent-Democrat.

It is not "to the credit of" any institution, to be a training school for hired murderers.

"Socialism is getting to be respectable up here," writes Comrade Gaylord, pastor of the First Congregational church, at New London, Wis.—Appeal to Reason.

Beware of the day when a radical movement becomes "respectable." It is an indication that such a movement has ceased to be revolutionary; that it is no longer feared or hated by the ruling class. It is not surprising that parliamentary Socialism should have already reached that stage. This is just what Anarchists predicted at the start, when the erstwhile revolutionists first began to run after the ignis fatuus of the ballotbox.

Comrade Van Ornum is cordially invited to send along those articles, more fully defining his position, and discussing methods of efficient propaganda. We will print them promptly; and the resultant discussion cannot fail to be educational. I, for one, await with much interest the further unfoldment of his ideas concerning tactics. In his com-

munication of this week, there seem to be two or three non sequiturs. Why should recognition of the superior strategic value of one set of tactics necessarily involve the total abandonment of all others? Is it not possible to be earnest revolutionists, and at the same time to make use of education and passive resistance as our principal weapons at the present stage of the game? How, indeed, can any man with red blood in his veins realize the utter hellishness of existing conditions, and the absolute lack of equity on the part of the authority which grinds us under its ruthless heel, and fail to be a revolutionist at heart, however gentle he may be in methods? Why, Comrade Van Ornum is himself a revolutionist in essential particulars; and comrades everywhere know and honor him as such. Then why shy at a word, especially one with such a wealth of grand historic significance? To be a revolutionist, does not mean to run around yelling blood and destruction, or to meet in secret conclave, and plot dark and desperate deeds. There is nothing about it so spectacular as our comrade seems to imagine. What has the existence of some bogus revolutionists to do with the principle of the thing? As for the spies, we can take care of these gentry, when it becomes necessary. I believe that the evolutionary forces are working toward inevitable results; and that the Anarchist ideal is certain of realization, in the natural order of things; but I do not deduce a lesson of passive quiescence, but rather one of active cooperation with the natural forces, for a more intelligent and harmonious bridging over of the intermediate process, and a speedier and more perfect attainment of the desired end.

The jobbing butchers of San Francisco refuse to furnish meat to restaurants which display the union card. It is the old story of the tyranny of capital, and its hatred and contempt for the working class. What right have employers to expect the slightest consideration from men whom they go so far out of their way to insult and outrage?

United States Judge Estee this morning intimated that he would not admit to citizenship in the United States a native of the island of Guam. The applicant was a man named Coomanche, who has been a resident of Hawaii for many years. Judge Estee had several other cases before him and did not decide the matter, but he intimated that it was his opinion that the court could not grant citizenship in such a case, the only Polynesians admitted to citizenship being the Hawaiians, admitted by act of congress.—San Francisco Call.

The unfortunate denizens of the slave colonies of the United States are thus denied even the poor privilege of citizenship in the nation that has tyrannously usurped authority over them. Yet if they claim their liberty, they are at once styled rebels, and massacred as such—"rebels" against a country which allows them no rights, and to which they owe no allegiance. That "the freest government on earth" has sunk to a depth of infamy which renders it capable of such infernal despotism and cruelty, ought to be enough to convince any man of ordinary intelligence that it is impossible for any government to stand consistently for principles of liberty and justice. The patriot is often sincere and highminded in his delusion; but none the less, consciously or uncon-

sciously, he is constantly doing the dirty work of the deadliest enemies of freedom.

I see that a Bellamy colony is to be started on the somewhat unfavorable soil of Merrimac, N. H. I have visited the town; and it is one of the last places I should dream of choosing for colony purposes. This especial scheme is sure to fail, since its organizer avows himself wholly ignorant of former experiments, and satisfied to remain so, and learn nothing from the experience of others. Besides, he is an authoritarian of the rankest kind, full of the notion that it is possible to bring about the millennium by mechanical means. This is the most tenacious of sociological illusions; and no propaganda, save that of Anarchism, has ever achieved even a partial success in steering clear of it.

The fur is still flying among the Secularists. Macdonald has at last broken silence, in a long and detailed "interview" in the Truth Seeker, which appears to give him rather the best of the controversy—at least until the other fellow gets back at him! It is a lovely row—to stay out of. How these goody-goody Secularists do love each other, to be sure! This time, they are in a mess for which they cannot hold any of the dreaded freelovers responsible. If such are the "moralists" of Liberalism, I am glad that I train with the other crowd.

We believe in a fair hearing to all sides; hence the space given to W. S. Allen's article, which may free his mind from any lingering suspicion that we are afraid or unwilling to publish matter sent us by Socialists. After all, though some questionable positions are taken in Mr. Allen's somewhat rhapsodical effusion, there is little of Socialism, except the name, and no attempt to present a connected argument, or to justify its authoritarian features.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

## REFLECTIONS.

When we look about us, and see and feel the network of laws which is crushing our best energies, our hopes, our joys, and in fact our very lives, is it not time we paused long enough to inquire into this cursed state of affairs, this power that is robbing us of our birth-right, encroaching upon our most private affairs? We should be determined to do something, to put an end to those blighting effects upon us. Let us ask a few questions, and see if prompt answers cannot be given. If to be happy and strong enough to defy all laws and customs, can possibly be demoralizing? If to take a step in advance of those who have not outgrown the creeds of a dead age is a sign of deterioration? When we behold these law-abiding and "dear public" worshipers tenaciously clinging to these relics of barbarism, how can we wish to emulate their example? If we earnestly desire to get the truth, can we do so by defending and obeying these cursed laws? We certainly have found it very up-hill business to progress, crippled by these leeches. How can we admit it possible to enact laws to make people good, when every evidence is to the contrary? We certainly must have observed that every sort of oppression is a menace to everything we hold dear.



Every law established is one more insult added to our manhood and womanhood, and directly antagonistic to our pursuit of true worth and happiness. It destroys all lofty conceptions of reciprocity in our relations to our fellow beings, causing us to regard them as our enemies and legitimate prey.

In order to live our fullest, freest life, we must rid ourselves of "dead men's habits, methods and ideas;" we must develop strength and courage sufficient to base our personal character upon a more substantial foundation than theological speculation, or the demoralizing laws, made to frighten and keep us in chains.

We have examples enough, concerning the result these pernicious teachings have upon their devotees. Honor bright is a dead letter to them. They have become so fossilized by these regulations that there's no degree of self-sustaining courage left in them.

Only time separates truth from error; and could our time be better spent than in seeking for it, and accepting it wherever we find it? No matter, if it does disarrange our preconceived ideas of propriety. Let each of us do what we can to break the rusty chains that were forged upon us in the remote past, when ignorance reigned supreme. Let us fear nothing so much as servility to these laws, to the inertia that drags us back and retards our growth. What if our name will never be written on history's page? Is it not joy enough to know that we helped push the car of progress along, that our hands were not idly folded, while others were working to usher the dawn of a new time, of a better life? A lift for the here and the now should be our motto. — GERTIE VOSE.

#### LOOK FOR THE LIGHT.

I want to add my testimony to that of Mrs. Jerauld, that the world is full of good, loving women who are not termagants and scolds, and women who are fuller of real true love than men can possibly be.

Woman is the race. She is the superior organization; and, consequently, she can climb to greater heights and sink to lower depths than man can.

Nature always works to create the mother element. But her works are so imperfect that there are more chances for male births than female ones.

We have not yet learned the secret of controlling sex; though Schenck has shown proof that, under certain conditions, one can ensure males. "But the wish to have female progeny is a desire for the gratification of which it is not at present possible to give any directions."

Love is life. One may talk and imagine they do not care for love; do not care what others think or say about them; but all the time in their hearts they do care. Touch the right chord, and the heart of the coldest will respond.

No one can live a loveless life. If they fail to find human love they will love a dog, a horse, a colt, or anything that will respond to their kindness.

There are millions of happy marriages where love sits at the fireside. There is love in freedom also. Love in bonds, love without bonds, and love everywhere.

Look among your own friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, and you will find more happy unions than miserable

ones. And, as the race grows wiser, the good will predominate more and more.

We need more sunshine in our reading matter. If we must have murders, suicides and horrors in our newspapers, condense them in short paragraphs, and tell us of the sweetness and light that abounds and brightens even the darkest cloud.

"O! the world it is beautiful, who can complain;  
Or wish the world were made over again?"

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER.

#### ALAYMAN WRITES TO A CLERGYMAN.

I wish I could inspire you with some of my own enthusiasm for Socialism. I would not ask you to sacrifice your life for the cause. That will not be necessary, if you understand the flexibility of the English language. Every man who occupies a pulpit enjoys a vantage ground, where he may say dangerous things in such an elegant way as to disarm all suspicion. If a whole battalion of ministers would use their strength to brush aside the movement in favor of ignorance they would be a great blessing to humanity.

I have studied and listened to and investigated a great many "isms," and I find that Socialism beats them all. I might say it is the paragon of studies, and the most wonderful legacy that has been handed down to us from the ages. I am as thoroughly agnostic or atheistic as anyone can be; but sociology has revealed the mystery of the "great spirit" to me more satisfactorily than any other line of study. With our limited range of vision, I do not believe we can sum it up any better than to say that "the great spirit is constituted of several millions of human beings." That is an idea which the higher critics are promulgating (quite harmlessly); and I think it is a grand improvement over the theory of one spirit standing by its lonesome. The great spirit being having divided us into so many fragments easily enables it to be omnipresent and well nigh omnipotent. 'Tis a good explanation, I think, for the old and unexplained hazy doctrine that God is everywhere and sees into everything. Socialists come pretty near being concentrated deities; for they are witnesses and recording angels of the iniquities practiced by the rich upon the poorer classes. Kaiser Wilhelm's favorite aphorism is, "Fear Me, God and (the Socialists)." Translated it means state, church and the people. There you are; now take your choice. The spirit that caused the priests of the Reformation times to shrink with horror or shame from the flaming light of Martin Luther, is the same today which vainly struggles to subdue the new flashlight of divine Socialism. As Mark Antony would say, "Honorable men, gentlemen dressed in brief authority, labor to conceal all knowledge of the great spirit of Socialism from the minds of the common people." They cry "peace, peace," when there is no peace; and with a wisdom that is foolishness in God's sight they hope to stave off coming events by sub rosa conduct. Heaven is paved with the bodies of the working people; we wont mention what the other place is paved with, for we do not wish to recall the abominable ideas with which the ministry formerly inspired terror in matronly minds. Spirits are very elusive creatures, although with a little more

freedom of speech I think we may finally secure a more graphic and vivid description concerning them. Millions of human beings are suffering today, and every day, untold agony, simply because the right message is withheld from the world. Emulating the egotistical manner of the doctrinaires, I would like to declare that Socialism is the great and only message that is right and proper to deliver to the people.

What are the points to be achieved? A great many; but the principal one is that the wage earner receives a larger share of the profits accruing from his labor. Unless you are willing to concede that point (and I imagine you are) you must expect nothing but the destruction of every virtue which you, as a clergyman, endeavor to preserve.

I will cite Carnegie as a notorious example of a wolf in lamb's clothing. He made a clear profit, or reaped a harvest, of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 off each laboring man in his employ every day the poor sinner labored. He coolly and deliberately robbed them, because he was in a solid position where he might help himself as his predecessors had done; and he followed their example to perfection. Society looks on and smiles approvingly, because society indulges in the same sort of bunco game. Society being densely ignorant of Socialism does not know exactly how to kick or protest against that peculiar style of robbery. Let us hope society buds will become more enlightened on the subject of Socialism, and allow the "meek to inherit the earth," according to scripture.

Carnegie's extraordinary donations go to prove that he might easily have paid his least deserving workman \$25, or \$50, per day. Even then he would have been able to bestow several resplendent libraries upon the ungrateful. What are the facts in the case as we look at them? He grudgingly pays his men \$1, or \$2, per day. They humbly ask, for the sake of their dinner pail, for a trifling advance of 15 or 20 cents. Our beloved brother Carnegie's first and only reply is the king's last argument. To the guns, to the guns! Armed men, the janizaries of capitalism, are hustled to the scene of the trouble. Their office is not to settle the affair amicably for the robbed laborers; but instead to force them to submit to the arrogant millionaire philanthropist's way of thinking. The souls of the men slain at Homestead, Pa., will never be buried, so long as the quarrel between capital and labor exists. The deceitfulness of riches is astonishing.

Labor unions do not fully recognize the merits of Socialism to aid them; but the capitalist class are fast crowding them into a corner, where they will grasp at a straw. So let us be joyful and sing praises to the Lord.

Socialism is a good-sized straw with considerable buoyancy to it. The great middle class at present do not take much stock in Socialist dreamers. In a few years, however, they will be scrambling into the ranks of the Socialists, and ask no questions.

How about the clergy? They are more or less hampered and confined in their thoughts and utterances, by the slow advancement of their audiences. We see a few of them break away from the crooked, narrow path of capitalistic rectitude, to join Socialism. Professor Herron's domestic rupture was but a

drop in the bucket, compared with his open rupture against capitalism. Now that giant Labor has begun to burst out of his bondage, we expect ruptures will occur and recur with alarming frequency. The dullest intellect realizes that society violates the most sacred laws of nature, in order to comply with asinine laws laid down by Tom, Dick and Harry. If the psychological moment comes to you, by inspiration, study or otherwise, I hope you will give your auditors a rousing good sermon on Socialism, that will win converts to a cause that is of vital importance to every mortal so long as they remain in the flesh.

W. S. ALLEN.

#### THE BOY AND THE FOURTH.

"What is the Fourth of July, pa?"

"The Fourth of July, my son, is the day we celebrate."

"Celebrate what, pa?"

"Celebrate our deliverance from the British king."

"What did we want to be delivered from the British king for?"

"Because the British king oppressed the colonists."

"How oppressed, pa?"

"By taxing the things we needed without asking us anything about it."

"What's taxing, pa?"

"A tax, my son, is the amount of money added to an article, or collected direct from a people, to support a government or some one else."

"Don't we pay taxes now?"

"Yes, but this tax that the king levied was for his own individual use, and did not come back to the colonists. The tax we pay goes to the support of our government."

"Then the colonists objected to paying something for which they received no benefit—either directly or indirectly?"

"That's it, my boy."

"And then they declared their independence, and even went so far as to shoot the officers of the British king?"

"Yes."

"Do you always now receive full value for what you pay?"

"Why, yes."

"I thought I heard you kicking about paying so much for glass the other day—said they had raised the price 200 or 300 per cent, and that it was highway robbery?"

"Well, I did; but I don't see the connection."

"Well, didn't you pay something for nothing? Didn't the men who own the glass factories tax you to the extent of the increase in price?"

"Well, yes; but—"

"Well, then, what's the difference between paying this money to the British king or to the glass trust?"

"Er—er—you see—we had to pay it to the king, but we don't have to pay it to the glass trust."

"Where else can you buy glass, pa?"

"Well—um—let me see. Come to think of it, I guess we can't buy glass except from the glass trust, by Jove!"

"Then I don't see that we are much better off than our ancestors who had to pay a tax without representation."

"Well, it does look that way now, don't it?" and the old man mused reflectively.

"Seems to me," said the boy, after a few moments of painful silence, "that a new Declaration of Independence is in order." — Fred D. Warren, in *Appeal to Reason*.



## HOME NEWS.

Raspberries are abundant and delicious.

Harold Mueller is over from Burley for a few days.

Harry Dadisman is working in town for a few weeks.

The harvest crop of oats has been cut on the Adams place.

George Allen's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Allen, is visiting at the Allen home.

J. E. Larkin has been under the weather for a few days, but is better now.

W. C. Hewitt, from Southern California is visiting at the Verity home.

Theodore Falz of Pittsburg, Pa., is paying us a visit, and looking the ground over.

The hundred and twenty acre tract has been finally secured. The association now controls two hundred and eleven acres of land.

Several groups have been out after wild dewberries. They are of excellent quality and flavor, but not quite as plentiful as usual.

Miss Julia Johnson, of San Francisco, is stopping at the Parker home. She expects to remain permanently with us, if she finds conditions satisfactory.

Improvements, large or small, are continually going on here. The new wall paper in the Adams home adds greatly to the attractiveness of the rooms.

Norman Mueller gave a very pleasant party to the young people on Thursday evening, at the Cheyee home. Music, recitations, and social conversation made the time pass rapidly.

One of our popular residents has won the sobriquet of the Old Harry, not in recognition of any diabolic propensities, but to distinguish him from several of the younger Harrys of the community.

The Foster lot has been sold to the paper group. It is nearly all cleared and slashed. The new print shop will go up first; and the remainder of the lot will be used for other public purposes.

Our Sunday gathering was postponed on account of the rain. Be sure to come early to the park, and bring your lunch. Propaganda lecture at 1.30 p. m. Subject, Free Thought and Free Speech. Don't miss the picnic or the address. Next Sunday is the time.

One of the most pleasant social events of the season took place last Tuesday evening in the Allen home, in the shape of a birthday party to George Allen, combined with a jollification by the paper group. The "fatted calf" was not killed; but the fatted ducks were, and proved fully as satisfactory. The Interloper was there, of course; and he nev-

er had more occasion to regret the well-known smallness of his appetite. If those who think nobody can make a living at Home could have seen that table, loaded down with good things, they would make haste to issue a revised and heavily expurgated edition of their well-meant, but scarcely needed condolences. The best thing about the whole matter is that everything on the table, except sugar, salt, flour, and the like, was grown, raised or made right on the Allen homestead. It must not be inferred that the evening was entirely given over to eating. An excellent musical program was provided; and all present pronounced the occasion thoroughly enjoyable.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carrs Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 82 people here—23 men, 23 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 4, boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

## HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 o'clock. Leaves Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

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